

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing.

J. L. COLLINS, Editor.

SAUNDERS, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

Information has reached Governor Meriwether, through Doctor Steck, late Indian Agent, that the Mesqueros and other Apache Indians that range in the Sacramento and White Mountains to the east of Doña Ana, have recommenced hostilities.

About the 20th of July two Mexicans, residents of Doña Ana, started to the salt lake which lies some distance to the east, and have not since returned, and no doubt remains but they have been murdered by the Mesqueros.

About the first of August the same Indians attacked a party of California emigrants at Van Horne's Spring, on the San Antonio road, and drove off one hundred and fifty head of stock, and killed ten out of thirteen men, Americans, who followed them to recover the stock. These men reached a point in the Sacramento Mountains, which is in the heart of the Mesquero country, and when passing through a deep cañon, or defile in the mountain, they were fired upon by the Indians, and ten out of the thirteen were instantly killed. We are unable to give any information about these men, do not know to what part of the United States they belonged.

Our fellow citizen John R. Tullis was attacked by these Indians on the same road, and lost twelve mules, and very narrowly escaped the loss of his own life.

The rising of these Indians must be regarded as a serious evil, they have heretofore given much trouble, and occasioned the loss of a large amount of property and the lives of some of our best citizens.

We trust that prompt measures will be taken to give protection to our citizens.

Election Frauds.

We have good reason to believe that the Gallegos Anti-church party have perpetrated the most stupendous frauds during the late elections for Delegates.

We discovered long before the day of election, a tendency in the leading men of that party to commit any act of villany that circumstances might require, in order to secure the election of their vicious party. They spared no labor before the election day, and they shrunk from no fraud on that day that a depraved ingenuity could suggest.

Every one is aware of the trick which they practised in order to carry this county, and by which they did actually succeed. To this disgraceful subject we will make no further allusion.

It is obvious to every one that without the influence of foreigners, that is, Mexican citizens, Gov. Lane would have received perhaps a thousand votes more than he actually obtained.

Not a single one of these men who signed away their citizenship and induced as many others as possible to do the same, is known to have favored the cause of Gov. Lane. On the contrary, they labored against him with a gusto, such as "Patent Democracy" could give, but such national antipathy may induce into spiteful minds. National antipathy was the only element these citizens of Mexico could bring to bear against Gov. Lane, and they cared for nothing better.

Such conduct on the part of foreigners was, to say the least of it, highly indecent; and common sense would deny them the right of interference, if the law and its exponents should not.

The laws of the Territory allow the county of San Miguel as many as eight precincts; yet the almost incredible fact appears to be established beyond a doubt, that as many as sixteen precincts were made use of on the election day.

This barefaced and wholesale violation of the plain letter of the law, is so monstrous and incredible, that we doubt if our statements will be believed by our readers in the States.

We venture to assert that during the last Presidential election there were not cast as many fraudulent votes throughout the 22 States and the 23,000,000 of souls of the United States, as were cast for Gallegos alone in the county of San Miguel on the last election day. Large numbers of boys are known to have voted, besides many who voted more than once, and others who voted themselves and for others at the same time, in other words, ballots were deposited for persons, and their names recorded, who were at the time many miles from the place of voting, and in all likelihood voting in another precinct.

Even here in Santa Fe where the friends of Lane closely watched the polls, many fraudulent votes were cast. A citizen of Mexico is known to have voted three times, by the aid of perjury, for Padre Gallegos, and what is still more astonishing, to have boasted of his infamous act.

Every honest man who is not afraid to say what he knows, must admit that Lane is the truly elected Delegate of the people of New Mexico. Were the poll-books of the Gallegos party purged of all their rascality, Lane would unquestionably have obtained a clear majority of several hundred votes.

As it is, however, they may manage to out count him by the practice of every conceivable corruption.

But unless dishonesty in elections should be as lightly esteemed by others as it is by themselves, they will find their villany to recoil upon themselves.

It is certainly high time that this course of political depravity should be put an end to; especially should it not be allowed to be openly practiced by persons who are not citizens of the United States, and who openly boast of their hostility to American institutions.

We would in conclusion ask these gentlemen, these Mexican citizens, who we know to be men of influence, how they can reconcile it to their consciences to induce a boy who they know is not old enough to exercise the right of voting, to go to the polls and perjure himself, for the purpose of obtaining a vote that they know is not legal? Would it not be more praiseworthy in them to set a better example before their young countrymen, by teaching them to abstain from such depravity? Until they do this, there must always remain a reproach upon the Mexican character.

We take great pleasure in being able to announce to our readers the arrival of our enterprising fellow citizen, F. X. Aubry, after an arduous and perilous trip, from California, by a new and hitherto untraveled route.

Mr. Aubry left San Francisco the latter part of June, taking the route through the settlements in the Tulare Valley, a distance of three hundred miles to the Tejon pass in the Sierra Nevada, latitude 34° 30', being some twenty-five or thirty miles south of Walker's pass. From this point the party travelled due east eighty miles, and struck the Mohave river, followed it forty miles, and left it to the south; they then travelled east north east, striking the Rio Colorado of the west in about 35° 30' north latitude. The distance from the Tejon pass in the Sierra Nevada to where they struck the Rio Colorado is about 250 miles, the country level and free from sand, and plenty of water at distances of from ten to thirty miles. On the Mohave the land is rich, with plenty of grass, and some cotton-wood timber; in the San Bernardino mountains, about twenty miles south of the Mohave, there is a great abundance of large timber of superior quality. Where the party struck the Rio Colorado the country is level on both sides of the river, and the banks well suited for bridging the stream or for a ferry. The river is about two hundred yards wide and from ten to fifteen feet in depth, the current rapid and very difficult to cross. The party were five days crossing the river, which they accomplished by rafting over their baggage and swimming the mules.

The Indians were around them in great numbers during the whole time they were crossing, but were kept at a distance by an occasional discharge from the rifles, of which they have a great deal.

Gold was found, by washing the sand, on both sides of the river, in quantities sufficient to induce the belief that it abounds in great abundance; but they were prevented from making a thorough examination on account of the scarcity of grass; the animals having been five days without eating, the party were compelled to move forward, which they did on the 28th of July, travelling due east seventy-five miles over a prairie country; thence east south east under the foot of a range of mountains on the north for some two hundred miles; thence nearly due east for two hundred miles to the Pueblo of Zuni, which point they reached on the 5th of September.

Mr. Aubry states that from the time they left the Rio Colorado until they reached the neighborhood of Zuni, they were continually surrounded by Indians; first by the Garroteros, who followed them for many days, shooting their arrows into camp, and seeking an opportunity to make a general attack.

On the 14th of August a party of those Indians were allowed to approach the camp in consequence of a paper which they exhibited from the commanding officer at Fort Yuma recommending them as perfectly friendly. After they came into camp they professed great friendship, had with them their women and children, and were entirely without arms; but when Aubry's party commenced saddling up their mules, the Indians made an attack upon them with clubs, and some nine or ten were immediately knocked down, and for a moment the whole party seemed to be overpowered; but a timely shot from a rifle threw the Indians into confusion, and they were eventually put to flight, leaving many dead upon the ground. Several of the Americans were badly hurt, but none were killed. The Indians followed the party for several days, but made no other attack.

After the Garroteros had left the party, they fell in with another tribe supposed to be the Apache Toncos; from these Indians they obtained some horse-meat and between one and two thousand dollars worth of gold in small round lumps of which the Indians had large quantities, using them as bullets, attaching no other value to them; they bartered them for any trifling article of old clothes.

After the attack by the Indians, the party were compelled to travel very slow on account of the wounded men, and were obliged to kill their mules and horses in order to procure meat to sustain life; among the animals thus eaten was Mr. Aubry's fine mare Dolly, for which he had been offered eight hundred dollars in California; she had carried him some thousands of miles and through many scenes of danger, and then rendered the last service by giving her own life to sustain that of her master.

The route over which Mr. Aubry passed is in his opinion entirely practicable for either a wagon road or a railroad, quite as much so as any route of the same distance in any part of the United States through which he has passed.

The country is level and well supplied with water at distances never exceeding thirty-five miles, and timber can be had either immediately on the route, or in the mountains at short distances from it. The distance from San Francisco by the Tejon pass to Albuquerque, over the route which Mr. Aubry travelled, will not exceed 1100 miles. The country abounds in gold, silver, and copper, the latter metal was found in great quantities, and some of the specimens were uncommonly pure.

Mr. Aubry has kept some few notes of his trip, which he designs submitting to the public, being very desirous to make them of use to Lieut. Whipple, who, it was understood some time since, has been detailed by the Government to make an exploration of the identical route over which Mr. Aubry has just passed, but of whose whereabouts up to this time, we have no information.

We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Pinekey R. Tully, who returned from California in company with Mr. Aubry, for late San Francisco papers.

Mr. Tully was in the fight with the Garroteros, and received a severe wound on the head.

These Indians fight mostly with clubs, and use them with great dexterity.

A day or two since we received a package from our friend F. X. Aubry who has lately returned from California. The package was handsomely put up to our address, and marked "a present," of course we expected to find something that would excite the curiosity and admiration of our friends, as we knew Mr. Aubry generally acquitted himself in a becoming manner in matters of this kind.

We carefully unfolded the package, when our curiosity was startled at the sight of, not a live Garrotero Indian, but the scalp of one folded up in its long flowing locks of hair. We quietly replaced the envelope, remarking to ourselves that the chap who had wore that, "waked up the wrong passenger" when he started Aubry. We have since learned that our present was taken from an Indian that was killed in the battle on the 14th of August, mentioned in another column.

The Southern Mail.

This mail reached here on the 14th inst., making time, as it always has done since Capt. Skillman obtained his new contract. Our friend and fellow townsman, Mr. Wm. Mitchell, came as passenger from the States by this route. He speaks in high favor of the mode of travelling, the fare, and the means of safety both to life and property. The energetic contractor, with his able and experienced conductor and others, cannot fail soon to give this route a reputation for safety, pleasantness and speed; and so soon as they shall have accomplished that object, every traveller to and from New Mexico, being relieved from apprehension, will certainly take it either going or coming, and perhaps in all cases during the winter months. We wish them success and good luck.

The roads from San Antonio to El Paso are in excellent condition, water and grass in abundance. The news from the States are not of much general interest.

We cheerfully call the attention of our readers and merchants of this Territory to the advertisement of "Jas. E. Sabine & Co." Jewellers, of this city. This is the way to do business, and one that will repay in a short time its first cost, and a hundred per cent to boot, and one too that might very generally be adopted by our merchants with certain success. We never could, nor we presume, ever shall we be able to solve the mysterious problem, why our merchants, who, generally speaking, are liberal enough in other matters, should cherish such an invincible and obstinate antipathy to revealing to the public, through the medium of their local and only journal, everything they may have for sale. Nor, we must confess, can we perceive the policy or the economy of putting close under roof and key everything as it arrives, without publishing to the world that such and such things "are now for sale here." Nothing like publicity and advertisements for a merchant's business.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—The New York Journal, a weekly illustrated literary periodical, consisting of sixteen pages quarto, handsomely printed on superior paper. The plan of the "JOURNAL" embodies features peculiarly its own, and entirely distinctive in form, style, and contents from any of its American contemporaries. It is published at the extreme low price of one dollar per annum in advance to mail subscribers. The determination and aim of the proprietors is to establish the cheapest, handsomest, and most attractive Journal in the Union. The Editorial Department is in careful and capable hands, and affords Weekly a graphic and pleasing picture of Life and Manners, Men and Things, as illustrated by the ever-passing incidents in the History of the Present. Agents wanted in all parts of the Union to solicit subscriptions for the above Work. A liberal percentage allowed. Apply, post-paid, to the Publisher, 75 Nassau St. N. York.

We have just received the first number of this interesting and excellent Journal. We have very carefully looked over this number, and are well pleased with both the style and selection of the articles, and the execution of the Work itself. If this number is but a fair specimen of its future numbers, we confidently predict that it will become one of the leading Journals in the United States. This is one of the few periodicals we shall carefully file to refer to with pleasure. Success attend their labors.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—"Where's Harry Lee, that I've heard ye bawling after all night?" asked a quizzical old lady passenger, of the captain, after a night of beating up a narrow channel, as he called Tom, Joe, Dick and Ben, to get their morning grog.

"No such man in the ship, Ma'm."

"Well, I declare, that is singular, when I've heard ye yellin' for him every little while all night."

"Perhaps you heard us sing out hard a lee?"

"Ah yes, that's the name. Hardy Lee. But why don't you call him up to get his grog? I'm sure the poor feller's arnt it."

The mate explained the moaning of the nautical term, and the old lady hobbled off below, protesting against such ambergritty of nautical phrases.

"Doctor," said a young miss of the high-heeled modesty school, "Ma sent me to tell you that sister Maria Euphemie Duley Minerva Rhody Jane Smith has got a sore above the wrist of her left foot, between the wrist and shoulder."

CHAMETE, N. M.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1853.

Mr Editor:—

Presuming that you would like to know what is going on here, I take the liberty of writing you a few of the passing events.

The United States District Court is now in session, and things wear a lively appearance in this lonely village. The Hon. John S. Watts is presiding as Judge.

He gives great satisfaction to the bar, litigants, and the public, by his dignified and impartial bearing when upon the bench; and his urbane and gentlemanly conduct when off the bench. No public officer has devoted himself more assiduously to his duties than Judge Watts, or has been more successful in giving satisfaction to the public.

There are several members of the bar here; Mr Quinn, and Mr Wheaton from Taos, and most of the Santa Fe bar.—Our Indian Agent, Capt. E. A. Graves, is here on official business, investigating two cases of horse-stealing, where the Indians allege and charge that the Mexicans have stolen two horses from them. We have no doubt Capt. Graves will thoroughly investigate these charges and render firm but impartial justice.

There are rumors importing that the Arapahos, Kiawas, and other Indians of the plains are about to invade the Utah country for the purpose of making war upon the Utahs. We learn from Capt. Graves that there seems to be much commotion among the Utahs in regard to this matter, as some of the principal chiefs have called upon him within a few days soliciting powder and ball. How this matter will terminate, if there be any reality in these rumors we cannot tell. If they confine their marauding and fighting among themselves it will do; but many of our citizens are apprehensive that this will not be the case. Capt. Graves reports that the Indians profess friendship and a desire for peace, but at the same time press their claims for provisions and presents.

These Indians, the Utahs and Arapahos we trust will receive such presents and bounties as may be suitable and proper. If the expenditure of a few hundred dollars in presents will keep these Indians quiet we apprehend the new authorities will not hesitate in making them.

The very fact that these Indians are wild and desperate when engaged in the commission of crime, is an additional reason why they should be quieted, if the expenditure of a few hundred dollars will do it. It is due to the Indians by treaty stipulations, and it is a duty the government owes the citizens of New Mexico to keep the Indians quiet.

Major Cunningham, Paymaster U. S. Army, is here on official business; the Major is looking well, and seems to be quite a favorite, both in the Army and out of it. The government has no truer man in its service than Major Cunningham, he is a faithful public officer, and commands the confidence of all who know him.

The business of the Court is progressing quietly, and will be completed in two or three days.

RIO DEL NORTE.

PAYING THE PRINTER.—The following extract from an ancient manuscript, found in an antiquated bake-oven, explains the origin of the manner in which printers are generally paid:

And Flintskinner, the mighty ruler of the Squash-heads, having called his chief officers to his side, commanded them thus:

"Go ye into all my dominions, and command my people to gather together their treasures, even to a farthing, and pay all their debts—even the very smallest."

The officers did as they were commanded; and after a certain time, the ruler called them again unto him, and demanded of them how his orders had been obeyed.

"O mighty Flintskinner," they replied, "your commands were heard throughout the land, and fulfilled, for your people are obedient."

"And is every debt paid?"

"Yea, even the smallest."

"Are the merchants, the manufacturers, the laborers paid?"

"All paid."

"Are the tobacco and whisky bills settled?"

"All, all."

"And have my people been provident? Have they laid up a sufficiency to feed their cats and dogs?"

"Yea, they have even done this," replied the officers.

"Well, my people are worthy. Now, go ye again unto them, and if there be anything left, tell them to take it and pay the printer."

After some time the officers returned.

"Are the printers paid?" said Flintskinner.

"No, O mighty Chief, for verily the people responded unto us that there was nothing left."

"Then let the printers go to the devil."

Ger. Emporium.

Love and Women.

BY ELLEN LOUISE.

"Love is as natural to a woman, as a fragrance to a rose. You may lock a girl up in a convent—may cause her to change her religion, or forswear her parents—these things are possible; but never hope to make the sex forswear heart-worship, or give up devotion to cassimeres—for such hope will prove as bootless as the Greek slave, and as hollow as a bamboo!" N. Y. Dutchman.

What impudence! You ineffable donkey! Devotion to cassimeres, forsooth! Spleeny old bachelor that you are! Who does not know into what a fever you are put by the very sight of a bonnet! How you did chase up and down Stato street last week, after that girl in a blue mantilla? Didn't the perspiration start out attovery pore, I should like to know, when she dropped her handkerchief—a pretty one it was, with its lace and embroidery, and you, in the very rapture of picking it up, discovered that your innamorata was—a colored person! Didn't you jump into an omnibus rather quickly that time, and seize the first woman's lady you could lay your hands on, as a thank offering for your deliverance.

I wonder who it is that levels an eye-glass so perseveringly at the dress-boxes in the theatre, and comments so intelligently on ankles and dancing girls?

"Devotion to cassimeres." I am waxing indignant! Did you ever see a lady follow one of Genin's best hats down Broadway, through East 22d, and into 5th avenue? I should just like to know! I wonder what man of the whole of you hasn't been down on your knees, and begged and plead some scornful little fairy to save his life. Did you ever see a woman do that same? No, don't deny it—if you do, I'll just speak about that time when you knelt to my little school-girl majesty in the parlor of the American House, and tell how the first and last corn I ever had on my toes in my life came there, in consequence of our making them a cushion to kneel on. You wouldn't wonder I said no, if you'd known how those toes ached.

Hal! hal! who would expect sweet wine to be made out of sour grapes! I don't wonder, sir, that your whole nature has been soured by many disappointments, but, see here, do just be careful to keep truth on your side—do—now, won't you?

Useful Discoveries.—In the London correspondence of the Mobile Daily Advertiser, we find mention made of the recent organization of a company termed the "Electric Power and Color Company." For some time after the stock had been taken up, few had any idea as to the precise objects and nature of the company, but it now appears that they have purchased some three or four patents of a most valuable nature in which electricity is used as the agent for light and color. Their first sale of a right was made a few weeks since to the Citizen Steamship Company, whose boats pylon the Thames. One of these was fitted with one electric lamp and parabolic reflector on each paddle box, and at 9 P. M. started from London Bridge for Gravesend. The night was dark as Erebus, but no sooner were the lamps put in order than both sides of the river were illuminated up as though by magic. So intensely vivid and powerful was the light that the smallest object on the water and on the shore could be discerned within a circle of at least a quarter of a mile. The light is very cheap and will undoubtedly soon come into general use.

NEWSPAPER FILES.—Even the poorest newspaper published in the world is worth being filed away for future reference. They are sure to come up some day as important reminiscences, and even as evidence in important law-suits. We see this daily illustrated. Persons are constantly calling to examine our files, and not a circuit court is held but that some one—and often two or three connected with our office, receives a summons to attend with files of the paper to be used in evidence. This subjects us at times to no little annoyance, besides loss of time. We do not notice the matter, however for the purpose of complaining, but to suggest that the archives of every county in which a paper is published, should contain a file of such paper, and some provision should be made by law, to make it the duty of the Probate Judge, or clerk of the circuit court, or both, to provide and preserve these files. Such is the law in several of the States of the Union, and such law should be established in Alabama.—Montgomery Advertiser.

A capitalist being asked what he thought of the innumerable now speculations now afloat, replied:

"They are like a cold bath; to derive any benefit from which it is necessary to be very quick and is very soon out."

"What do you use to make yourself look so delicate?" said one woman with an eruption on her face, to another who looked like one of the departed.

"Why," said the lady, "sometimes I eat slate pencils and chalk, and then for a change drink vinegar and chew green tea. When these fail, I lace myself tighter and wear the thinnest soled shoes that I can buy."